

Queen's College Journal.

VOL. XX.

FEBRUARY 18TH, 1893.

No. 14.

Queen's College Journal,

Published weekly by the Alma Mater Society
of Queen's University during the
academic year.

A. E. ROSS, B.A., . . . Editor-in-Chief.
J. W. MUIRHEAD, B.A., . . . Managing Editor.
FRANK HUGO, B.A., . . . Business Manager.

The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable
before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be ad-
dressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston,
Ont.

All communications of a business nature
should be addressed to the Business Manager.

THAT the Conference of the Theological Alumni of Queen's, which closed yesterday, was a pronounced success is proved by the following facts: (1) That those who were able to take the whole course without interruption journeyed that it could not have been continued for at least a month; (2) That those who came for the second week regretted that they had missed the first lectures and resolved that they would be "on time," should there be a Conference next year; (3) that those who were summoned home in the middle of the course to attend to pressing duties returned, though that meant for them double railway fares. These facts are significant to all who know what a busy month February is for Canadian ministers, and what their average salary amounts to. We may give impressions of the Conference in our next number, but in the meantime content ourselves with pointing out to a correspondent that members were late for the 9 o'clock class probably because they lived in homes that breakfast late.

We have it on high authority that a change is to be made in the Honour Course in Philosophy. The course is to be divided into three parts—Greek, English and French and German Philosophy; the study of Kant is to be reduced to a subsidiary part of each course;

any two of these new courses will constitute a complete M. A. course; whilst any one of them may be taken as a half course along with Latin, Greek, English, Modern History or Political Science. This is a radical change and may be looked on as a step towards that good time coming when you can "put a dime in the slot and take out a complete education." For the student can now take up the particular course to which his inclination points and can also develop his "wonder" faculty by exploring the realm of Critical Philosophy. This, no doubt, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished" and we predict for the new course immense popularity. But to one who is still at the "common sense point of view" a seeming difficulty arises. At present three entire years is considered necessary for the Honour work in Philosophy alone, and good students who have gone through it say it is difficult even then to get comfortably located at its mysterious "point of view," so that dualism or fleshly lust may tempt us from its heavenly seat. How the student is to accomplish this along with another honour subject in two or three years is a question which we are forced reluctantly to leave unsolved.

* * *

In a previous number, we gave selections, from British Review Notices, of Professor Dupuis' last book, that our readers might have some idea of how much it is appreciated by mathematicians. The following, from "The University Correspondent" of November last, the periodical in which university men exchange their views, shows such an insight into its merits that we publish it almost *in extenso* :—

The Principles of Elementary Algebra. By N. F. DUPUIS, M.A., F.R.S.E. (Macmillan, 6s.)

In this admirable text-book we have a work of quite an exceptional character, which will tend to counteract some of the ill effects of modern examinations. It professes to be,

and, indeed, is, an intermediate Algebra, and of its class we have seen none better. The author by no means confines himself to the beaten track. Somewhat American in his treatment of the subject, his originality is seen on every page of the earlier portions. He rightly thinks that the aim of teachers should be something higher than transforming boys, *en masse*, into equational calculating machines. Every accomplished algebraist has hitherto had to evolve for himself many important algebraical truths, which are now presented in this book in an admirable manner. Great stress is laid on fundamental principles, and on the interpretation of algebraical expressions and results, for which purpose geometrical problems are freely introduced. The method of detached co-efficients, synthetic division, and the Σ notation are utilized throughout, the early use of the latter resulting in a considerable abbreviation in the proof of the binomial. A most valuable feature is the employment of the graph, primarily for purely algebraic purposes, yet in such a manner as to prove an excellent introduction to co-ordinate geometry. With its aid, too, the question of maxima and minima is judiciously dealt with. Other bold ventures are the prominence given to the idea of symmetry in algebraic expressions, the coupling of interest and annuities to G.P., and the transformation of functions with its application to the determination of the roots of numbers.

The latter portion of the book is specially suited—though, we presume, quite accidentally—to the requirements of those preparing for the Cambridge Senior Examinations. . . . The examples worked are models of brevity and clearness, and there is an abundance of well-selected exercises. We note, also, the presence of a table of prime numbers under 1000. This book will prove a boon to all whose desire is to stimulate thought in their pupils, and to place them on a firm foundation in their mathematical studies. Inasmuch as it supplies a long-felt want, it requires only to be known in order to meet with a welcome in England.—*University Correspondent*, Nov. 15.

Dr. Francis E. Clark, father of the Christian Endeavor movement, was born in Aylmer, Que., Sept. 12, 1851.

+Literature.+

TROUBADOUR'S SERENADE.

FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the poets of three of the years had responded so generously to our request for effusions, we had almost despaired of being able to squeeze anything out of '95. Last week, however, the Sophomore poet had an inspiration, and the result was an impaired constitution on the part of the singer, and the following :

Darling mine,
I am thine,
Wholly, solely thine ;
When I see,
Darling, thee,
Swell's my heart in ecstasy ;
All is light,
Beauteous, bright,
When, beloved, thou'rt in sight ;
But, O woe !
When thou dost go,
Does my heart dejected grow ;
Beauty in the world is none,
Nought care I for anyone.
Queen thou art
Of my heart,
Well did Cupid aim his dart.
I am but a sapless tree,
With no life except in thee,
But a lamp which, dark and cold,
Needs the flame which thou dost hold ;
Smile on me, beloved mine,
Say thou'lt be my Valentine.

HER REPLY.

My Apollo Belvedere,
Can it be that thou art here ?
Does this dulcet tenor note
Come from my beloved's throat ?
Does this sound
Which floats around
Come
From
My Apollo's laryngum ?
It is he,
Now let me
Warble the doxology !
Oh, my love, thou lov'st not me
Any more than I love thee ;
If thou'lt have me, hero mine,
I will be thy Valentine.

LIFE ON A MADAWASKA DRIVE.

(Concluded.)

Let us take a glance at their settlement. The gang consists of one hundred men. Since they have to move nearly every day and frequently three times a day, they have no very permanent dwelling houses and are not

specially careful in choosing a site for their city. Wherever along the river-bank there are sufficient half level spots to permit twelve to fifteen tents to be erected and blankets to be spread upon the ground without using stones for pillows, is good enough for a camping ground.

Having chosen such a spot, the men detailed to attend to this part of the business, called "cookery-men," prepare for night. First and foremost the cooking tent is stretched. It is the house of the settlement both in size and importance. In it the provisions are stored, and over it the cook reigns supreme, and allows only a chosen few, the foreman and clerk and perhaps some of the cookery-men, to enter its sacred precincts, and help themselves to the dainties carefully concealed therein. This tent erected, all the others have to be put up ready for the men when they come in from work, and frequently they do not put in an appearance till long after the sun has gone to rest and the stars have taken up their quiet vigil. A Madawaska drive with a pushing foreman is an excellent place to study astronomy, for as the men would often jokingly remark to the foreman, when he brought them in specially late at night, or routed them out too early in the morning, "You want us to know every star in the heavens."

While the cookery-men are pitching the tents the chore-boy is gathering wood, and the cook is busy preparing supper. Upon the fire in the open air sits a huge pot of tea, which when sufficiently drawn is lifted to one side, but left near enough the fire to keep hot; over a bed of coals upon the other side of the fire is a hake-kettle of frying pork, sissing and spurting at a great rate, and woe to the cook who approaches it without a long-handled fork. A pot of rice pudding, a large pailful of stewed apples, a plate of butter and heaped up pans of bread complete the bill of fare for supper, while upon a rude table in front of the tents are tin plates, tea dishes and a stock of spoons, with a few knives and forks. Supper ready, the cook anxiously watches for the coming of the men, and as the first sound of their oars falls on his listening ears, he goes the round of his pots to see that all is well, and then watches the landing of the boats.

Around a bend in the river they come, a dozen large, red "buns," each one manned with six or eight rowers, and a man with a long paddle in bow and stern. One night the men are all lustily singing a French boat song, to which their oars keep time, but more frequently they come three or four boats abreast, every man bending to his oar, and striving to win the race. No sooner do they touch land than the oars are drawn in, and bounding upon the shore, with one shout the men pull up their boats and make for supper. Seizing a plate, a tin dish and a knife, if it is to be had, each man helps himself to what he likes best, and then looks for a seat upon log, stone or grass, and proceeds to store away an amazingly large quantity of provisions. Hunger appeased and pipes lit, every man shoulders his bundle of blankets and going off to his tent makes his bed upon the ground, which may be either wet or dry, rough or smooth, according to weather and locality. Beds made, some tumble in at once, the only difference between night clothes and day clothes being that at night coats are used for pillows, and vests are, as a rule, taken off, though occasionally a man will turn in boots and all, just as he came from his work. Others, not quite ready for bed, will sit around the camp-fire, drying their clothes and enjoying their pipes, as they while away the time spinning yarns about the adventures of old-time drivers and topics less worthy of consideration. Last of all the cook turns in, but before he does so he must make preparation for morning. Bread must be set, for with such a family baking is a daily duty; beans must be baked for breakfast. They have been previously boiled and the water being drained off, its place is taken by an abundance of fat pork. Then a large hole is dug in the sand, and over the bottom of it is put a layer of red hot ashes. Upon these the kettle of beans, with a tight fitting lid, is placed, and is completely covered over with hot sand or ashes, and where it is left till morning. To one not accustomed to camping out the first night under canvas along the bank of a river, near a lake or a marsh, it is quite a novel experience. If it happens to be a clear night, the lurid light that steals through the ceiling and walls of his airy chamber are not very conducive to sleep

on the part of a freshman driver. As the rest of the men quiet down and prepare to sleep he lies upon his back listening to all the various sounds which are to be heard in the calm of a summer night. Every rustle of the leaves, and the slightest crackling of twigs, as reptiles and animals creep forth from their hiding places, is most distinctly heard. There is also a strange peeping of birds, such as is never heard in the day-time. Perhaps near by is the nest of a pair of cranes or ducks. Under cover of night they bring forth their young, and from the chattering and splashing that is heard one would think that the parent birds were teaching their little ones some fantastic water-drill. Nor is the music wanting. Beginning with a deep bass note right at the door of the tent, the tune is taken up by a dozen others, and passed on from them to thousands more, until the whole atmosphere rings with the harmonious strains of a bull-frog band. Added to this is a variety of sounds issuing from the different tents in the neighborhood, as the wearied occupants in the midst of their sleep give vent to groans and snorcs, with now and then the mumbling of strange words. But bye and bye even the new hand is asleep, and all is quiet.

Last in bed at night, the cook is the first astir in the morning. Long before daylight he has resurrected his kettle of beans and begins preparation for breakfast. Then he gives the foreman's foot a tug, at which Mr. Foreman jumps up, rubs his eyes, pulls on his boots, cuts a switch from the nearest bush, and going from tent to tent deals to each a couple of heavy blows, followed by the shout, "Hi! yo! Time to be up!" In a very short time the whole camp is alive, and where a few moments before all was quiet as the dead of night, all is now bustle and commotion, as the men throw out their blankets and tie them up in "tump-lines" ready for another move. They then hurry down to the river, there to make their toilet, or just as they are seat themselves about the fire and partake of the morning meal. At break of day the boats are moving off again, and the cook and cookery-men are left sole occupants of the camp, which they at once proceed to break up. The tents are taken down, rolled up, and with blankets, etc., are loaded into a couple

of large boats. Meanwhile the cook proceeds with his baking. By this time he has worked his bread into loaves, placed in large pans ready for the oven. This latter utensil is a rather strange article. It is a large, bright tin dish, from five to seven feet in length, and something similar in shape to an old-fashioned cradle without rockers. The sides and ends slope so that it is considerably larger at the top than at the bottom. This is turned upon its side facing the fire. Through it run iron rods upon which the pans of bread are placed in such a position that the heat from the fire is reflected by the bright sides and ends of the oven and focused upon the bread. The oven is first placed at a considerable distance from the fire where there is just sufficient heat to make the dough rise nicely, after which it is moved nearer to the fire where the heat is strong enough to bake without burning. Such an oven requires very little fire, while it takes no longer to bake than a good stove oven does, and it is certainly much more convenient where the whole apparatus has to be handled and moved to such an extent as is necessary upon a drive. Bread baked, provisions and cooking utensils are loaded into another boat, and cook and cookery men float down the river as far as they think the men with the drive will get by ten o'clock. Here they prepare dinner, likewise for lunch at two o'clock, after which they go on to another camping ground, and pitch their tents as upon the previous night.

Correspondence.

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN THE INTERIOR OF KOREA.

BY DR. W. J. HALL.

WE give with pleasure the following extracts from a letter written by Dr. Hall to the Principal, from Seoul, Korea, dated Dec. 16th, 1892. They give us glimpses of men and things, and of good, earnest Hall himself as well as of his surroundings, that will interest not only those in sympathy with missionary work but every lover of his kind and one who honours single-hearted devotion to the highest cause:

"At our annual missionary meeting in August I was appointed to the Pyong Yang circuit,

which includes the territory from Seoul to Pyong Yang, a distance of 180 miles. We loaded our little pack ponies with drugs and books and started on our tiresome journey over rough roads, fording streams and climbing mountains. I have the privilege of being the first missionary appointed to exclusive work in the interior of Korea. I praise God for the privilege of carrying the gospel to those who have never heard of it before. My work is entirely pioneer work. On the 30th of Sept. I entered the city of Pyong Yang. As I passed through the streets throngs of Koreans gathered to see the foreigner. After wending my way through several streets I came to an inn and was given a room eight feet square, the front door of which opened into the street and the back door into the yard where the horses, pigs, cattle and poultry are kept. There were no windows, and the only light that entered the room came through the paper which was pasted over the lattice work of the door. This little room, with its mud walls and floor, was my dining and bedroom. Here I saw all my patients, dispensed my medicines, and sold my books. Each day long before the hour appointed for opening the dispensary the street was thronged with patients. The street answered as a waiting room, and one by one I saw the patients in my little room.

"The people have shown me great kindness, and only once have I received anything like rough treatment, and the same might occur by the rabble in any of our large cities in the home land. One evening one of the fishermen took me out for a row on the beautiful river that flows along the outside of the city wall. We had just got out into deep water when showers of stones came from behind the wall and fell all around us. If one had struck us or the fishing skiff serious results would have followed. We pulled as rapidly as possible over to the other side of the river.

"Our medical work brings us into great favor with the natives and gives us an opportunity of preaching the gospel and selling christian books to many that we could not otherwise reach.

"One day I was called to see a boy who was suffering from dysentery. He had been ill for several days and was rapidly growing worse. I left him some medicine and came away.

The following morning I was sent for in great haste with the message that the boy was dying. I hastened to the house and found him very low. The mother was the widow of a Korean doctor. She told me if I cured her son she would give him to me as my slave, as she was very poor and had nothing else to give. I told her I would do all I could for her boy without expecting anything for it. I told her why I had come to Korea, to give my life to her people, and told her of God, of heaven, and the wonderful story of salvation, and that I was praying for her boy and that He had the power to bless the medicines and restore him to health. God answered our prayer and the family are now diligent searchers after the truth. The Holy Spirit has gone before us and prepared the soil to receive the seed, and will cause it to spring up and yield an abundant harvest.

"I have been invited out to dinner several times by the natives, and they do all in their power to show their friendship and make it pleasant for me. I live upon native food almost entirely. But a person gets tired of rice three times a day, so to-day I thought I would like some pancakes, but I could not obtain any flour. I bought two measures of buckwheat and took it to the hotel mill to be ground. The mill consists of two round stones about 15 inches in diameter and two inches thick. A hole is drilled in the centre of each stone and a wooden pivot inserted. Another hole is drilled near the outer edge of the upper stone for the wooden handle, and still another hole is drilled a short distance from the centre into which the grain is dropped. I got a couple of boys to turn the stone, and after grinding for half a day and sifting the flour through a sieve made from horse hair woven together I had ten pounds of flour. I had some baking powder with me and very soon I had the mixture ready to fry. I had a fire made from cornstalks and upon this I cooked my cakes. I enjoyed them most heartily, and I will be able to have them often. I am the only foreigner in this city, and yet amid all uncongenial surroundings I am happy.

"Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song,
Oh, that all His salvation might see."

I look forward to that glad day when in this land "Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

I am proving His power to keep, no matter what our surroundings are.

"We feel deeply grateful to the many friends in the home land who are bearing us up with their prayers and helping us in this glorious work of carrying the gospel to these "Regions Beyond."

MR. EDITOR:—After reading the A. M. S. notes in JOURNAL No. 12, one is tempted to ask whether that column is for stating what actually took place or for the airing of the editor's own ideas. He says that Mr. Carmichael in "the clearest and most convincing speech *showed* that by the new arrangement all athletic clubs and societies had permitted themselves to be absorbed into the Alma Mater;" and again, "the matter of selecting a captain was referred to a special meeting, which seemed satisfactory to the majority." It strikes me as just slightly ludicrous that any man in his sober senses could come away from that meeting and believe that what I have quoted represents the feeling and expressed desire of the meeting. It was definitely stated by those whom Mr. Carmichael was opposing that the football club had never surrendered the right of managing its own affairs, and was only related to the A.M.S. in so far as it was necessary to the obtaining a fair share of the "Gymnasium Fee. This view was upheld by a vote of 26 to 15 on the motion to reconsider the motion of a previous meeting dealing with Mr. Grant's resignation, and by a similar vote on the amendment to instruct the Secretary to *hand* Mr. Grant's resignation to the Secretary of the Football Club.—T. H. FARRELL.

[Evidently the chief fact Mr. Farrell wishes to impress is that his motion was carried and at the same time he takes a kind of satisfaction that Mr. Carmichael's remarks carried little or no weight. In the first place the meeting did not vote on the correctness of Mr. Carmichael's remarks, but will do so when the committee reports. However, we still think we can prove that his remarks were convincing. After the meeting Mr. H. R. Grant, who supported Mr. Farrell, said that *he* was convinced Mr. Carmichael was correct in every point. Further, Mr. Farrell says that it was denied that the football club was absorbed in the Athletic Committee. If we remember correctly Mr.

Farrell objected that night that such was not the case but had no proof for his statements, while Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Mowat by abundant proof showed that it was so. To use the remarks: "When has the Football Club ever held a meeting unless at the call of the Athletic Association?" The editor has been connected with football for some time and he does not remember one. Is it not a clear and convincing proof, as stated by Mr. Carmichael, that they were joined when Messrs. Rankin, Whiteman and Pirie, the most noted football players Queen's ever had, were the promoters of the change? There is also every reason to accept Mr. Carmichael's view when we consider the length of his connection with the Athletic Committee and his thorough knowledge of all that pertains to Athletics in Queen's.—ED.]

†College News.†

A. M. S.

OWING to two hockey matches being in progress the attendance at the Alma Mater last Saturday was rather slim. When the meeting was called to order there was just a quorum present. A communication was received from T. J. Thompson on behalf of Divinity Hall, stating their willingness to debate with Arts, but their inability to do so immediately. The executive committee were instructed to make arrangements for the debate.

The motion to change the name of the JOURNAL to QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL was passed.

F. Hugo gave notice that he would move next Saturday night that T. C. Wilson's bill be paid. He will give the final report of the committee that night.

On motion of the Treasurer, the Secretary was instructed to communicate with W. W. Richardson and request him to produce all bills incurred by him as chairman of the decoration committee of the *Conversat*.

The meeting then adjourned, most of the members going to the hockey match, and some to Prof. Dupuis' lecture.

A full attendance is requested at the next meeting.

A TRAGEDY.

i. (7.30 p.m.); J. A. S., M.A., loquitur; "Well, I guess its about time to start for the Island."

ii. (8.30 p.m.); J. A. S.: "Where in thunder is Garden Island, anyway? I wonder it it would be consistent with my dignity to swear. I wish I hadn't come."

iii. (9.30 p.m.); J. A. S.: "Can you tell me where Mr. ——— lives? What!! Is this Wolfe Island? I,—I,—ah,—ah,—good-evening."

(Being misdirected he walks around Wolfe Island, where, thinking he has finally reached his destination, he again inquires.)

iv. (10.30 a.m.); J. A. S.: "Is it far from here to Mr. ———? I beg your pardon; did you say *this was Wolfe Island*? Why, I thought it was Garden."

v. (11 p.m.): Domesticus quidam loquitur: "Was you the man was to come for Miss——, sir? Oh, she's left two hours ago, sir." (Exeunt omnes).

MR. GANDIER'S ADDRESS.

Last Sunday afternoon, in Convocation Hall, Rev. Mr. Gandier spoke on behalf of the University Missionary Association. Taking as a text the words "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," he discussed the motives which should influence all Christians to take a deep interest in the missions of the Church.

The highest motive and the one which should exercise the greatest influence is an earnest desire for the coming of Christ's Kingdom. Those who feel that Jesus is their King and Lord cannot rest until His glorification is complete, until in every land men bow the knee to Him. Another motive next in importance to this and associated with it is a sense of the world's need. A glance at the state of society in any heathen country, or at the lives of many even in nominally Christian lands, should be sufficient to move any person not spiritually dead. The vindication of our religion also demands missionary activity. Are we to permit the heathen to know nothing of Christianity but what they see in the merchants of nominally Christian nations, who destroy them with the liquor traffic and the opium traffic, who show by all their actions that their only object is money? Are they to

judge Christians by the sailors and residents who show them an example of vice and barbarity beyond the worst imaginations of heathenism?

Another motive lower than the preceding but legitimate in connection with them is a desire for our own safety and that of our immediate posterity. For example, so long as India is a heathen country, cholera will exist and develope among the Hindoos, but it will not stay with them. In the same way, unless we can Christianize the Chinese, we must expect a conflict with Chinese heathenism in this Country, and unless we can make Christians of them they will make heathen of us. We are our brothers' keepers and if we neglect them we must suffer with them. The address concluded with mention of the many encouragements which may be seen at present and a special exhortation to students and alumni of Queen's to be faithful to our own missionary now working amid so many difficulties in China.

BYSTANDER.

For many students the rink is evidently filling a "long felt want." From four to half past five some of our very best students may be seen gliding around unselfishly enjoying themselves. Unconsciously though, what tales are told by the actions of some of them. Freshmen under the influence of Junior Philosophy are so Platonic. Still the rink is deservedly popular. Mr. Hatch is always polite, and for an hour and a half a day one may have all the pleasures of healthy exercise combined with the light, rest-giving gossip of an "At Home." Let's all go to the rink.

* * *

It has been very amusing during the past two weeks to attend the "Conference" lectures held in the Philosophy class room. From among registered students what a gathering of all the profound Philosophers. There was our P. M. General, ponderous in many ways, there the man who is always striving to get at "the root of the matter," there would be the "sweet girl graduate" who smiles and nods for the encouragement of the Professor, there, too, the Divinity student who often plucked in Philosophy yet attended and looked wise to show that he cherished no resentment. Ver-

ily one wondered when he tried to explain the presence of all that were there. But then what of the visitors? There they were, ranging all the way from His Elephantine Majesty, Pontifex Maximus H—, to the chipper good-natured untheoretical Dr. S—. How the personality of some of them shone out and how they applauded all the jokes. The only sad feature was the dethronement of some of the olympian gods after we had heard their essays. But then we have been delighted to meet them, and we hope they wont mystify many with the copious notes they have taken. Evidently some of them have been some time away from College, so we will pardon their view that a class may be entered any time before the ringing of the next hour's bell. Be sure and come again, gentlemen.

BYSTANDER.

HOCKEY.

WINNIPEG VS. QUEEN'S.

Over six hundred people were crowded into the Kingston Skating Rink on the night of Saturday, February 11th, to see this contest. They were well repaid for their trouble, for it was without doubt the finest game of hockey ever played in Kingston. Winnipeg had an enviable record, for they had beaten two of Toronto's crack clubs, the Victorias and Osgoode Hall, by scores of 8 to 2 and 11 to 5 respectively. The Westerners are to be congratulated on making such an extensive tour. It will help to "boom" hockey in the older provinces as well as in Manitoba. They are also to be congratulated on putting such a fine team on the ice. Their defence is very strong, and their forwards are very pretty dribblers, fast skaters, and swift and accurate shots on goal. The teams were as follows:

| WINNIPEG. | | QUEEN'S. | |
|---------------|-----------|--------------|--|
| Stowe. | Goal. | Giles. | |
| Dennison. | Point. | Curtis. | |
| Higginbotham. | Cover. | Taylor. | |
| Macdonnell. | | Weatherhead. | |
| Armstrong. | | McLennan. | |
| Beckett. | Forwards. | Waldron. | |
| Howard. | | Rayside. | |

Queen's team went on the ice with the expectation of sure defeat, and consequently were rather nervous at the start. Before their nervousness had worn off, Winnipeg had scored four goals in about ten minutes, Macdonnell scoring the first, Howard the second, and Beckett the last two. Then the home

team settled down to work, and after this Winnipeg was not dangerous. The latter part of the first half was very evenly contested, the advantage lying with Queen's, only the quickness of Stowe saving two or three goals. Half time was called with the score 4 to 0. In the last half Winnipeg played a purely defense game. Shot after shot was rained on the goal to no avail, till finally Waldron scored on a pass from Rayside. Ten minutes more of fast and furious play and Waldron scored again. Shortly before time was called Curtis made a fine run passing to Rayside, the latter making a fine long pass to Weatherhead, who scored. Time was called and Winnipeg declared victors by a score of 4 to 3.

Cadet Hennaker made an excellent referee.

After the match the Winnipeg team were entertained at the British American Hotel. A very pleasant time was spent till 11.40, when the Winnipegs left for Ottawa.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Curtis and Waldron, our two oldest players, played the game of their lives.

Taylor at cover is a beauty.

Winnipeg were the faster skaters, but Queen's had superior combination.

10 PER CENT OFF - -

RAZORS, SKATES,
HOCKEY STICKS
AND
POCKET KNIVES,

—AT—

✻ CORBETT'S ✻

Corner Princess and Wellington Sts.